

THE CITY OF FATE

thought for all those men and
women whose
lives have been changed in its
beyond. At

this moment most clearly rises before
me the
image of that friend of auld lang
syne, as we
stood together on a P. and O. deck
watching

Bombay grow dim, he a member of
an English
millionaire family I had known from
child-

hood, who had just left an idolised
wife, after
five years of happiness, in a little
grave beneath
the pines on the heights of Khandalla
above.

Heart-crushed by his sorrow, he
was then
rushing headlong down the road to
ruin, but
has since made a fresh start in the
younger
life of Johannesburg. If this
memory ever
reaches his hand across the seas, he
will know
to whom I send a cordial
greeting of
good will.

Under what varied aspects have I
known
Bombay ! ^

On my first fair November
morning in
India, when the chattering of the
exquisite
little green parrots, in their
home in the
giant banyan-tree opposite Watson's
Hotel,
awoke and drew me on to the
balcony to

see on the horizon what looked
like white
wings piercing a silver mist
suspended between
earth and sky, how cheering and
hopeful was

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